The curse

Saint Aimé

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I have eyes, but I do not see,
I have ears, but I do not hear.
I carried the mountain and grew tired,
yet no one saw the weight.
Is this world cursed?

It’s not that I’m tired of life;
I’m tired of what moves beneath it.
Others laugh as I cry,
they win and lose as if it were a game.
I sit on the horn of a tree,
balanced between falling and staying.
Is this world cursed?

The older I get, the more I see.
I am not a rock, nor the sea,
yet I am told to endure like both.
I speak, but my words return to me,
unchanged.
Is this world cursed?

Some seas are born full,
and some are dry before they breathe.
I have seen the ends
for which we were once created
quietly perish.

It wasn’t easy,
but it was time.
Or maybe
this is the curse.